THE

SOUTH-CAROLINA GAZETTE,

Containing the freſheſt Advices, Foreign and Domeſtick.

Monday, November 21ſt, 1743. [*Numb.* 504]

South-Carolina.

By the Honourable

WILLIAM BULL, Eſq;

Lieutenant-Governor and Commander in Chief in and over the Province aforeſaid.

A Proclamation.

WHEREAS I have received credible Information, That a *Silver Mine* hath been diſcovered and opened, and that ſeveral Perſons are now working upon the ſame, in the *Cherokee* Nation; which it is thought may greatly affect the Peace and Tranquility of this Government.

AND WHEREAS I have not been informed, that any Perſon hath obtained His Majeſty's Licence authorizing the ſame: *Therefore, for preventing any Proceedings, which may be prejudicial to his Majeſty's Rights, or the Welfare of this Province*, I have thought fit, by and with the Advice of his Majeſty's Honourable Council, to iſſue this my Proclamation, hereby ſtrictly forbidding and prohibiting all Perſons whatever from running out any Land in the *Cherokee* Nation, or in any other Nation of *Indians*, on any Colour or Pretence whatever; And alſo from *opening* or *working ANY Mine*, of what Kind ſoever, in any of the *Indian* Nations within this Province, until His Majeſty's Pleaſure ſhall be ſignified thereupon, as they ſhall anſwer the Contrary at their Peril.

Given under my Hand, and the Great Seal of this Province, at the Council-Chamber in Charles-Town, *the* 11*th Day of* November, *Anno Domini* 1743, *and in the* 17*th Year of His Majeſty's Reign.*

By his Honour's Command,
John Champneys, *Dep. Secr.*

God ſave the King.

WILLIAM BULL.

GOOD-NATURE, a Character often uſurp'd.

A MAN muſt have been ſome Time converſant in the World, and have got a Key to the faſhionable Language, to be able to form a true Opinion of Men from the Characters given them; and would find himſelf extremely deceiv'd, if he were to take them literally, and according to the common Acceptation of the *Engliſh* Language.

For Example, one would not at firſt imagine, that a Man of nice and jealous Honour, only meant a deliberate Murtherer; a careful Man, a Thief; an honeſt Gentleman, only a Whig or Tory, according as the Perſon is who gives him the Character; or that a very honeſt Fellow, meant nothing but a very drunken One; and a very good Sort of Man, or a very good-natur'd Man, meant either nothing at all, or meant a Fool. Yet this is the Caſe, as daily Experience ſhews us.

I ſhall now more particularly analyſe the faſhionable Character of the *good natur'd*, or *very good Sort of Man*, and ſhew what *is*, and what *ought* to be meant by it, which are at preſent two different Things.

One of the principal Duties in moral, and one of the moſt valuable Qualities in ſocial Life, is certainly *Good-nature*, by which I mean, and mean only, a ſtrong Benevolence to Mankind, according to our ſeveral Relations to them; a Deſire of relieving their Diſtreſs, and of promoting their Good; and a Willingneſs to employ our Labour, our Money, and our Credit for thoſe Purpoſes. This I take to be the true Definition of *real Good-Nature*, ariſing from Sentiment and Reflection, and founded upon that great Principle both of Morality and Chriſtianity, of *doing as we would be done by*. But how unlike is this to that which generally uſurps its Name! How laviſhly is the Character beſtow'd, how commonly enjoy'd, and how little merited! It is now univerſal, and ſeems to have abſorb'd all others; one hardly hears any Thing elſe ſaid of any Body, and one hardly knows any Body of whom that is not ſaid. Every Man is the *beſt natur'd Man alive*, the Panegyrick is indiſcriminate, is made and return'd like Bows, and upon as ſlight Knowledge or Acquaintance. The Truth is, it is the Staple Commodity that Knaves and Fools traffick in, and export; and as it is their own Manufacture, whatever Returns it makes them are clear Gains. But if Pride and Self-Love did not take off their Goods, they would ſoon leave off their Trade.

Common Decency and Good Manners are commonly miſtaken for, or miſcall'd Good Nature, eſpecially by the Ladies; every Man at his firſt Introduction to Company ſeems to be *a very good natur'd* or *a very good Sort of a Man*, for in polite Mouths thoſe Terms are now Synonymous. I would gladly aſk by what he ſeems ſo? Or, why he may not as well ſeem to be an excellent Chymiſt, or an eminent Mathematician? And what Harmony of Features, what Complexion, and what Size denote a *very good natur'd* Man? But indeed how ſhould he ſeem otherwiſe upon ſo ſlight an Acquaintance, unleſs he were a Madman into the Bargain? This extempore Commendation, then, means no more of a Man, than it does of a Houſe Dog, which is, that he does not bite in the Day Time. It ſeems therefore as unreaſonable to beſtow this Character upon this unknown Perſon, as it would be unjuſt to give him a contrary one; and he may ſurely wait contented with that of a *decent Man*, 'till he is known to deſerve a better.

Good Humour is almoſt always miſtaken for Good-Na-

ture. A Man who talks much and chearfully, laughs readily, and takes the Tone of the Company be it what it will, is without farther Inquiry instantly pronounc'd a *good natur'd* Man: Tho' I have known very many of these good-natur'd People lay out their whole Stock of good Humour to great Advantage in mix'd Company, and reserve an abundant one of ill Nature to dispose of among those, who depend upon them, and where they may do it with Impunity.

A Man of complaisant Vices, is at the Top of *fashionable Good Nature*. If in the Hours of Riot and Excess, he has no Will of his own, but chearfully adopts the Vice of the Majority of the Company: If he pimps for his Companions, assists them in their drunken Scrapes, and lends them Money for their unjustifiable Wants; these Effects of sympathising Profligacy, are ascrib'd to an inexhaustible Fund of *Good Nature*; tho' at the same Time this best natur'd Man alive, is known to brutalize and starve his Wife and Children, beat his Servants, ruin his Tradesman, and sell his Country.

The protecting and skreening of Iniquity and Guilt, is most unjustly term'd *Good Nature*: Tho' it can only proceed from a Participation of the Crime, a Willingness to commit it, or a Consciousness of equal Guilt. Virtue knows no Indulgence to Crimes, it punishes the Offence, tho' it pities the Offender.

Fools, as Fools, are, by the Courtesy of *C*——, call'd *good natur'd*; though, possibly, none less deserve that Character. Fools may indeed have that Kind of Good nature that arises from weak Nerves, and sympathizing Sensations, which is no more than an involuntary Movement, and an Effect of Self Love: But they can never have that which proceeds from Sentiment and Reflection. The same Thing will affect them with Mirth or Grief, according to the Tone in which it is related; and their Compassion is always excited by some uncompassionate Circumstance, never by the m in Object. Thus they'll hear of a Murther with Indifference; but if the Throat be cut from Ear to Ear, or the dead Body dragg'd by the Hair of the Head, they shudder with Horror, and melt into Pity. These however are the best Kind of Fools, the harmless inoffensive Fools, little above Vegetables; but who, from in ending no Harm, have a Right to Toleration, tho' they have no Claim to Favour. All they can ask, and the most one can do for them, is to say nothing at all of them.

But there is a much worse, and more numerous Sort of Fools; which are the crafty, subtle, designing Fools; who rise just enough out of the Fool to get a little into the Knave, and who have just Sense enough to know, that they have not Sense enough to recommended them, and therefore have Recourse to the Appearances of *great* Good Nature, which they produce upon all Occasions, like Bills of Health, to get Admittance. These People have reduced Good-Nature to a Science, and proceed Systematically. They have the World always in their Mouths, and declare it to be the Rule by which they guide themselves, and judge of others. They pass their frivolous troublesome Attentions, and perpetual Offers of useless Services, for perpetual Offers of Friendship and Good Nature. Their Tone is soft and plaintive, their Conversation insipidly stuffed with fulsome Panegyrick, tender Epithets, and compassionate Interjections; such as, *alas! poor Man! &c.* Nay, their Tenderness extends even to Animals, and they caress Dogs and Birds, with the gentle Appellations of *poor Things*, and *poor Fellows*. By these Arts they impose upon the weak and superficially judging Part of Mankind, are reckon'd the best natur'd best Sort of People in the World, and are not only well received in Companies, but admitted into Friendships and Confidences, which they seldom fail to abuse, when it suits with their Interest. These Fools are the implacable Enemies of Men of Parts; their hint and lament their Ill nature; wish they would employ their Wit better, and even thank God that they have none themselves, since they find it always to be exercised at the Expence of Good Nature: Thus endeavouring, as indeed it is their Interest, to confound Wit and Ill Nature together, and make them seem inseparable. With these the numerous Body of abler Knaves combine, tho' from different Motives, and between them both, under the false and interested Pretence of Good nature, they have almost established a general Amnesty for Vice and Folly.

All passionate People without Exception, are reckoned extreamly good natur'd, no Matter how often they are in a Passion, or what Mischief they do in it. *He is the best natur'd Man in the World when he is not angry*, is a very common Expression, which in Truth means no more nor no less, than that he is good-natur'd when he is not ill natur'd. But surely if these very good natur'd cholerick People had any Good-Nature at all, they would, in their lucid Intervals, not only consent, but desire to be lock'd up for the rest of their Lives, that they might do no more Mischief.

Having thus shewn what *Good Nature* is not, and torn off that common Mask of Knaves and Fools, I need say very little to shew what it really is. Every Body feels what it is, tho' so many miscall, and so few practise it. Let then that glorious Character be only bestowed upon those, who, by Acts of Tenderness, Compassion and Generosity really deserve it; and let not what is only their due, be indiscriminately squandered and lavish'd among the Undeserving, either from the selfish Views of expected Returns, or for want of something else to say, which is often the Case. Praise is a Debt due to Merit only, and those who give it where it is not deserv'd, are as unjust as those, who, from an ostentatious Generosity, or private Views, give away to others what is due to their lawful Creditors. Virtue dares discriminate and speak out, but those who universally commend, despair of Praise themselves upon any other Terms; as those who universally blame, despair of it upon any Terms at all.

VERSES written by a young Lady, on WOMAN born to be controul'd!

HOW wretched is a *Woman's* Fate,
No happy Change her Fortune knows,
Subject to Man in every State.
How can she then be free from Woes?

In Youth a *Father's* stern Command,
And jealous Eyes controul her Will;
A lordly *Brother* watchful stands,
To keep her closer Captive still.

The tyrant *Husband* next appears,
With awful and contracted Brow;
No more a *Lover's* Form he wears,
Her *Slave's* become her *Sov'reign* now.

If from this fatal Bondage free,
And not by Marriage Chains confin'd;
But blest with single Life can see,
A *Parent* fond, a *Brother* kind;

Yet *Love* usurps her tender Breast,
And paints a *Phœnix* to her Eyes,
Some darling Youth disturbs her Rest,
And painful Sighs in secret rise.

Oh, cruel Pow'rs! since you've design'd,
That Man, *vain* Man! should bear the Sway;
To a *Slave's* Fetters add a *slavish* Mind,
That I may cheerfully your Will obey.

The ANSWER: By a Gentleman.

HOW *happy is a* Woman's *Fate,*
Free from Care, and free from Woe,

Secure

Secure of Man is ev'ry State,
Her Guardian-God below!

In Youth *a* Father's *tender Love*
And well experienc'd Eye,
Reſtrains her Mind, too apt to rove,
Enamour'd with a Toy.

Suppoſe her with a Brother *bleſt,*
A Brother *ſure is kind;*
But in the Husband *ſtands conſeſt,*
The Father, Brother, Friend.

'Tis Man's, *to labour, toil, and ſweat,*
And all his Care employ,
Honour, or Wealth, or Pow'r to get;
'Tis Woman's *to enjoy.*

But look we on thoſe Halcyon *Days,*
When Women *reign ſupreme;*
While ſupple Man his Homage pays,
Full proud of their Eſteem.

How duteous *is poor* Strephon's *Love!*
How anxious is his Care!
Leſt gentle Zephyrs *play too rough,*
And diſcompoſe the Fair.

Then ſay not, any Pow'rs ordain,
That Man *ſhould bear the Sway:*
When Reaſon *bids, let* Women *reign,*
When Reaſon *bids* obey.

CHARLES-TOWN, Nov 21.

Laſt Saturday his Majeſty's Sloop the *Spy* ſail'd on a Cruize. And the *Flamborough* and *Swift* Men of War are gone down into *Rebellion Road*, the former to ſail on a Cruize, and the latter for *England*.

Yeſterday died Capt. *George Bowler*, Commander of the Ship *George* & *Henry*, which lately put into this Port from *Jamaica*. [*If any Gentleman will ſend to the Printer hereof, a genuine Account of the Manner in which this Ship was diſtreſſed by her Men, &c it will be received with Thanks, and inſerted in this Paper.*]

We hear, that on Wedneſday next (at Ebb Tide) a Man will fly from the Top Gallant Maſt Head of one of the Ships lying at Mr. *Shute's* Bridge, to the Bay.

CUSTOM-HOUSE, CHARLES-TOWN

Entered Inwards.

None.

Entered Outwards.

Ship Aurora, Robert Pickeman, and
Ship Curtin, Henry Verdon for Cowes.
Billander Grace Galley, Writt Timmers for Curracoa.
Sloop Frances, Henry Todd for Bermuda.
Sloop Rotterdam, Benj. Maurice for Rhode Iſland.

Cleared for Departure.

Ship Priſcilla, William Tiffin, and
Brigt. Clyde, Alexander Riddel to Portugal.
Snow Nancy, Peter McTaggart to Briſtol.

Exported from this Place from Nov. 1, 1743.

Rice, 1,434 Barrels. Tarr, 116 Barrels
Pitch, 945 Barrels. Turpentine, 35 Barrels
Deer-Skins, 36 Hogſheads.

The PRICES of the following Goods, of the Produce of the Province

New Rice *per Cent.* 40 *ſh.* Skins *per lb.* 16 *ſh.* 6
Old Rice, ——— 30 *ſh.* Staves, 15 *l. per* 1000.
Pitch *per Barrel*, 140 *ſ* 0 Corn *per Buſhel*, 10 *ſh.*
Tar, 30 *ſ* 0 *d.* Peaſe, 10 *ſ.* 0 *d.*
Turpentine, 10 *ſh.* 0

Advertiſements.

RUN away from the Subſcriber's Boat coming to *Charles Town*, an indented (*Scots*) Servant Man, named *John Montgomery*, about 20 Years of Age, his Hair is cut ſhort, has a Scar on his Boſom, and wore when he went away a Green Jockey Cap, and white Negro Cloth Waſtecoat and Breeches, he ſpeaks broad *Scotch Engliſh*. Whoever takes him up, ſo that I may have him, ſhall have 5 *l* Reward *Thomas Wright*

THIS is to give Notice, that a *French* Gentleman, (Prime Engineer and Prime Minor to the Viceroy of *Mexico*) is lately arriv'd on this Province (having been taken by a *Rhode Iſland* Privateer, on his Return from *Mexico* for *France*) who has ſome choice Stones to diſpoſe of, brought from *China*, for curing the Bites of the moſt venemous Serpents, Scorpions, Mad Dogs, &c. which likewiſe protects young Children from bad Air, and cures ſmall Cancers. Enquire of Mr. *Bonnetheau*, Cutler, in *Charles Town*, where they may be bought for 40 *s.* and 3 *l* the Piece.

N B. That the ſaid Stones have made wonderful Cures, may be ſeen by Certificates in the Hands of the ſaid Mr. *Bonnetheau*

NOTICE is hereby given, that an OVERSEER well recommended, may meet with good Encouragement, from *William Bonne*, on *John's Iſland*, for his Plantation at *Abapo*

DESERTED from Capt. *Mark Carr*, in *Georgia*, on the 7th of *November*, Inſt. in a *Canoe*, the four following Men, an old Woman, and her Daughter.

Richard Edwards, an indented Servant, about 5 Feet, 4 Inches high, of a fair Complexion, well ſet, without Hair, and has the Mark of the Evil under his Chin.

Henry Jarvis, an indented Servant, writes well, and is capable of counterfeiting Diſcharges, a thin, ſwarthy Fellow, about 5 Feet 6 Inches high.

Michael Miller, an indented Servant, a tall, well-looking Fellow, about 18 Years of Age, without Hair, about 5 Feet 10 Inches high, he is a *Switzer*, and having his Parents at *Purryſburgh*, is ſuppoſ'd to be there.

William Thompſon, of my Company, uſed to wear a blue Frock with green Sleeves, and his own black Hair, about 5 Feet 4 Inches high, is about 40 Years of Age.

His Wife, ſeemingly about 30 Years of Age, ſtoops in her Shoulders, and has a very wrinkled Face.

Her Daughter, an indented Servant, about 14 Years of Age, fair Hair'd and ſlender.

Whoever takes up and brings the ſaid Run-aways to Enſign *Richard Dun*, at Fort *Frederick*, near *Beaufort*, ſhall have a Reward of 140 *l.* current Money of *South-Carolina*, (and all Charges 'till Delivery defrayed) or a Reward in Proportion for one or more of them. *Mark Carr*

TO be Run for on *York Courſe*, at the *Old Quarter Houſe*, on *Monday* the 26th of *December*, 1743

A very handſome faſhionable Silver Punch Bowl, Value 90 *l.* by any Horſe, Mare or Gelding, the beſt in three Heats is intitled to the Bowl. No joſtling or foul Play allow'd.

Alſo on the 27th Inſt. will be Run for, a very handſome embroider'd Jacket, Value 90 *l.* by Foot Men, to run the half Mile Courſe, no foul Play being allow'd. The firſt Perſon that comes to the ſtarting Poſt, is intitled to the Jacket.

The ſame Day will be given Gratis, a very good Hat, for four Perſons or more, to eat ſix Apples each Perſon, out of a Pail of Water, each Perſon to have his Hands tied behind his Back; the Perſon that eats the ſixth Apple firſt, ſhall have the Hat. *John Hanbury*

TAKEN up in *Richard Wright's* Field, on the 14th of *November* laſt, which the Owners may have, applying for, and paying the Charges. A Cheſnut Horſe, about 13 Hands high, Blaze Face, white Spots on his Back, grizzle Main and Tail, branded on the near ſhoulder thus X: Alſo a ſmall bay Horſe, black Main and Tail, branded on the off Shoulder thus and on the near Buttock thus, XL in one.